

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Bling Blung"

Yeah, Word Up

Yeah

Yo

*[Chorus:]*

Bling blung, bling blung, First you see the bling

then you feel the blung

This is the way that the world is run

Can't you tell

Bling blung rock the bells

*[Verse 1:]*

Move along, move along, along, this is a newa song

KRS-One the supa strong

Move along before you lose your tongue

Before you lose ya lung

Be sure MCs get done

Detour or move along

We teach the young

How many young men hung so we could sing a song?

You need to move along, along, along

The string of injustice stung those that bling cause now they blung

Materialism stings and now they stung

You need to move along

Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang, bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping, pong

Any lyrical battle we won

Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on

First you got it then your gone

So don't get stung

Cause after the bling it's blung

No material thing stays with you long

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2:]*

Move along, along, we can't get stung

We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun

I go and I come, don't mind me son

I'm just a teacher, them cats should't try me son

I'm that lively one

I roll with them grimey ones

At the Temple (of Hip Hop) you can find me son

What I bring and sing reflects what I brung

I be rolling, aling off the tongue

You can check them other ones

Maybe them younger ones

But I be that I witness just like Connie Chung

Some burn the paper

Some burn the bong  
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along!

*[Chorus x2]*

*[Verse 3:]*

Move along you little singers  
Never linger round a rhyme bringer  
These rap blingers  
I break you off a middle finger  
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga  
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas  
When they sing all they bring is bling  
THEY DUMMIES  
But after the bling aling, aling is blung  
Post bling is blung  
A new ting son  
I'm rockin these bells like ding dong  
As you can see I got no rings on  
Cause it got nothing to with what springs song  
So ding dong  
Open the door to freedom  
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong  
Or else you need to move along, along, along  
Your lyrics are cow dung  
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong  
And when the gong gonged you were gone  
Yes I am the lyrical Don  
Beats for art um  
But I am unattached to all of thum  
The message of the song is bling blung  
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up  
Be Strong

*[Chorus x2]*